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4

Original poems

44

CLOACINA TRIUMPHANT

CONSISTING OF THE

FOLLOWING POEMS:

VIZ.

BETT's WEDDING;
ANTICIPATION;
FROWZILINDA;
IL FAMOSO DOTTORE RODOMONDATO;
HASTY PUDDING;
TOM TOSS-POT;
THE MISTAKE;
&c. &c.
&c.

Moſt reſpectfully Dedicated, with the Author's Permiſſion, to MESDAMES and MESSIEURS the EDITORS of the CRITICAL REVIEW.

O CLOACINE! thou Goddeſs heav'nly bright;
Pregnant with eaſe, profuſe of ſoft delight!
Without thine aid divine mankind were curſt;
All human kind, without,—muſt ſtarve or burſt.

ADDISON.

LONDON:

Printed for J. BEW, No. 28, PATER-NOSTER-ROW;

M,DCC,LXXXII.

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TO

MESDAMES and MESSIEUR

The EDITORS of the CRITICAL REVIEW,

GENTLEWOMEN, and GENTLEMEN,

THE great concern I have long felt, to behold a number of cient, learned, and venerable perſonages, labouring under the inf ence of a dreadful infirmity, hitherto found inſuperable, has, at l determined me to take your caſe into my moſt ſerious conſideratic and, in the following pages, will be found a catalogue of ſelect a ſalutary drugs, or dregs, (the word is pronounced each way,) by proper mixture and application of which, a radical and expeditic cure may, in my opinion, very eaſily be effectuated. But, if event ſhould, unfortunately, turn out otherwiſe, from an experim formerly made with one of the moſt ſimple thereof, upon a po party-coloured patient, afflicted with a diſeaſe exactly ſimilar to yc own, by that good man, and eminent phyſician, Dr. ALEXAND BENDO, who practiſed with ſo much reputation to himſelf, a advantage to ſociety, in the reign of our late auguſt and pious vereign, Charles the Second; I am clearly convinced, that very c ſiderable temporary relief muſt reſult from the trial; and that medic

medicine will be found, to the full, as beneficial, much leſs expenſive, and infinitely more palatable, than moſt of thoſe ſold, at ſuch an enormous expence, throughout all parts of his Majeſty's dominions, in chip boxes, gallipots, phials, bladders, quart bottles, and white papers, under the various denominations of—Apozem, alterative, anodyne—Bolus, bark, blifter, balſamick,—Cathartic, cordial, —Draught, diuretic, dilutient, decoction,—Electuary, emetic, embrocation, emollient, emulſion,—Febrifuge, fomentation, fumigation,—Gargle, glyſter, græcum-album,—and ſo on to the end of the alphabet,—by certain officious, civil, loquacious gentry, in brown coats, black ſtockings, white wigs, large hats, and ſmall ſhoe-buckles; commonly called or known by the name of Apothecaries, and employed, at the joint expence of the pariſh-prieſts, clerks, ſextons, grave-diggers, and undertakers, for that purpoſe.

I am, &c.

THE AUTHOR.

CLOACINA TRIUMPHAN

BETT's WEDDING.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

No more with Jezebel of York
Let bards make ſuch a rout;
Or carol, when ſhe loſt her cork,
How ſomething elſe flew out:
I ſing a dame worth ten of this;
What's She to Bett?—What's t-rd to p-ſs?

Whilſt walking on the verdant plain,
Where ſtands old Fairfield's mill,
When Nan, the toaſt of each fond ſwain,
Firſt ſhew'd thy falling rill;
I knew not then, and know not yet,
Which ſtream ran faſteſt,—mill's, or Bett.

Poor Niobe, depriv'd of bliſs,
Diſſolv'd away in tears;
If Bett ſhould do the ſame in p-ſs,
Bett's fame will equal hers.
Sweet purling rivulet! if ſo,
The p-ſs-bed on thy banks will grow.

When Moſes ſtruck the barren rock,
Forthwith the waters burſt,
Obedient to the Prophet's knock,
To quench the Choſen's thirſt:—
Had Bett's perpetual fount been there,
The Tribes had drank without his care.

But, had the Iſraelites found fault;
Been obſtinate, and raſh;
Declar'd their beverage too ſalt,
And mutinied for freſh;
To make it ſo, I muſt confeſs,
The miracle had not been leſs.

The

The ſlimy Nile glads all things round,
By often overflowing:
BETT's ſtream as oft o'erſpreads the ground;
All ſmile to ſee it going.
Both currents run with equal force;
No man hath found out either ſource.

Mount Ætna, from its gaping crater,
Whilſt fire burns fierce within it,
Oft deluges the plains with water,
As thoſe know beſt who've ſeen it:
I ſometimes think that little BETT,
When hotteſt, is moſt apt to wet.

Queen Piddiquimqua,—gallant ſoul!
In token of her grace,
Firſt water'd in the Captain's bowl,
Then ſous'd it in his face *:
I own it would not much ſurpriſe,
Should BETT p-ſs out her Captain's eyes.

Aſtrid

* Prior.

Aſtride the briny waves at Rhode
An huge Coloſſus ſtood,
Betwixt whoſe legs, as erſt it ſtrode,
A man of war might ſcud.
But why fetch wonders from afar?
BETT's Captain is a man of war.

The Buxton baths, renown'd by fame,
Of Derbyſhire the boaſt,
Are open to the ſick and lame,
Who pleaſe their purſe-proud hoſt:
BETT's lukewarm fountain's ſilver locks
Will open when a fav'rite knocks.

Where pious, good St. Winifred,
As Popiſh legends tell,
By ſome miſchance let fall her head,
Up ſprung a ſpacious well:
Should good ELIZA drop her bum,
I fear a ſecond flood would come.

In

In Sol's magnific room of ſtate,
Well carv'd in mimick waters,
With azure hide, and ſea-green pate,
Sports Doris with her daughters:
But Vulcan never could, like thee,
Create a real, liquid ſea.

Immortal Maid of Eſh—m's Vale,
Down Time's progreſſive tide,
Whilſt waters guſh from fount or tail,
Thy name ſhall ſmoothly glide:
Thy proweſs in the farmer's field
Shall everlaſting honours yield.

Boaſt not, Verſailles, thy tortur'd ſtream,
Thy turbid founts that riſe,
And reach (proud Gallia's fav'rite theme)
From marble bed the ſkies:
Thy vaſt, enormous wheel, and pump,
Stand ſecond to this little rump.

O Bett! thy feats as much excel
Old Yorkſhire's ſquitter-ſquatter,
As that exceeds in taſte and ſmell
Thine ever-falling water.
Soon may they both unite and ſhed
Their comforts o'er thy bridal bed;

Whilſt, like two ducklings ſide by ſide,
In onions nicely ſmother'd,
The bridegroom, eke his lovely bride,
From head to heels lie cover'd.
Extatic ſcene! What tongue can tell,
What pen deſcribe, their joys or ſmell?

I ſee the Cupids fly about,
And pinch their little noſes;
And hear them, one and all, cry out
For frankincenſe and roſes:
His napthal torch poor Hymen ſhakes,
And ſnuffles up the ſmoak it makes.

A cer-

Live, love, and wallow, happy pair!
Gay CLOACINA cries;
Live, love, and wallow, happy pair!
Re-echoes thro' the ſkies.
Such the bleſſings which I give;
Wallow, ducklings, love and live!

ANTICIPATION.

A Certain Squire, no matter who,---
Squire John o'Styles or Noaks will do,---
By ſome miſchance has ſcratch'd his ſhin,
Or prick'd his finger with a pin.
Suppoſe a particle of ſteel
Is found adhering to his heel:
Away, like wind, the boy muſt go,
To fetch the famous Dr. Doe *;
The Doctor comes, with ſolemn face,
Adapted to the dreadful caſe;
With niceſt touch explores the wound;
Examines if the bones are ſound;

* The Doctor, being a man of uncommon abilities, united in his own perſon the three pharmaceutical profeſſions of Phyſician, Chirurgeon, and Apothecary.

Dilates

Dilates his eye-lids, drops his chin,
To ſhew the great alarm he's in;
Then ſhakes his head, and ſeems to ſay---
But little hopes!—You know their way.
The patient, now, retires to bed,
But firſt is vomited, and bled:
The Doctor wiſhes he may reſt,
And kindly bids him hope the beſt;
Declares, if nothing new comes on,
No hæmorrhage, or carious bone,
Bad fever, fungous incarnation,
Or periofteal inflammation,
In four and twenty days, or leſs,
A ſuppuration muſt take place,
The lacerated muſcles heal,
His ſtrength return, and all do well:
Preſcribes the cooling draught at ten;
The ſame, with pills, at twelve again;
The purge at two; if that ſhould gripe,
At four, or thereabouts,—the pipe;

The cordial drops would have him take
At ſix, or ſooner if awake;
The febrifuge 'twixt eight and nine;
Will feel his pulſe at noon, and dine:
Then takes his leave, and makes a bow;
Goes down, and thus holds forth below:
" I own 'tis hard ſo ſoon to tell,
But greatly doubt his doing well.
That ſteel has made damn'd work, indeed;
By G-d, the foot ſeems fairly flead,---
And, here and there, looks black, like ſoot,
As if the pedal nerves were cut;
If ſo, tis fifty pounds to five,
He never leaves the room alive.
Zounds! ſhould a gangrene ſeize the part,
The cure would poſe friend Satan's art;
Do what I will, 'tis ſure to ſpread,
And ſoon muſt reach from heel to head:
Then all may tell, as well as I,
The ſad event—Squire Noaks muſt die.

For

For tho', ſometimes, a wretch that begs
Purſues his trade ſans arms and legs;
Eats, ſwears, gets tipſy, crawls about,
And many other things, without;
Yet, when the reſt is likewiſe gone,
The mendicant's career is done.
Therefore, I think, 'tis beſt at once
To cut his throat, or cleave his ſconce;
Since each phyſician, if he wiſe is,
Knows each diſeaſe muſt have a criſis;
The ſooner we can that obtain,
The ſooner ends our patient's pain.
Some gentlemen, to ſwell their bill,
The corpſe, and coffin too, would fill;
Nay do, perhaps, things ten times worſe!
Old Bladderbreech oft crams the hearſe;
And once, by G-d, (confound the man)
To ſtuff the vault itſelf began.
But me---ſo ſedulouſly bent,
To ſerve, and give my friends content---

The ſmalleſt gains, with common fees
From heirs and undertakers, pleaſe:
I ſcorn each mean—each ſelfiſh trick;
My drugs drench nothing but the ſick;
And gratis, if requir'd, will come
To wait upon his Honour home."

FROWZILINDA.

OF buxom FROWZILIND I ſing,
An everlaſting type of ſpring,
Whoſe bloom can never fade;
Or, if it ſhould, may be renew'd
At will; for well 'tis underſtood,
The fair-one knows her trade.

Her ſmall ſmart hat with flow'rets crown'd;
Ribbons on ribbons heap'd around;
Large, impudent, and loud,
In air and dreſs, ſhe ſeems no leſs
Than ſome young buck, a ſhepherdeſs,
Amidſt Cornelly's crowd.

Suppoſe, to carry on the jeſt,
Two pendent pillows form his breaſt;
The bolſter makes a bum;
Lapp'd round his waiſt the bed is lac'd,
And, all in gauze and ſattin cas'd,
He ſtruts throughout the room.

Thus FROWZILINDA looks and toils;
But Time, alas! her project ſpoils;
'Tis folly now to fiſh:
The hook, I'm told, that's worn and old,
Can ſeldom catch, and never hold,
Or help to fill the diſh.

Il Famoso Dottore Rodomondato.

LEARN'D Prigs, ſo prim, from Warwick-Lane,
With ſtiff-top gloves, ſmall ſword, and cane,
Who drive lean tits, or trudge through rain,
In pig-tail, or pompoſo:

Ye grave-ones, that attack each ail,
With pill for mouth, and pipe for tail,
Which ſometimes cure, more often fail,
Give place to great Famoso.

In fine large flowing wig array'd,
His ſnug, plump cheeks with rouge belay'd,
And gaberdine of rich brocade,
Behold great Il Famoso!

The

No ſtarch, pedantick doctor he;
In dancing few ſo briſk we ſee;
Up right---down left leg,---one--two--three--
Light trips great IL FAMOSO.

The Doctor cures the fierceſt itch
That incommodes the female breech;
Or luſt, or louſe,--he cares not which,---
So wonderful FAMOSO!

Good Gods! how great the Doctor's ſkill!
When gripes the rack'd abdomen ſwill,
He f-rts, and cures what elſe might kill,
O wonderful FAMOSO!

If beaux, with laviſh hand, perfume,
He cures, with eaſe, the ſweeten'd room,
By doſe from counteractive bum
Of Doctor IL FAMOSO.

With

With ſirloin, buttock, flank, or breaſt,
He gives the wakeful ſtomach reſt;
And cures the throat, with thirſt oppreſs'd.
O godlike IL FAMOSO!

The Doctor cures, an hundred ways,
That dread diſeaſe, the rage for plays;
The deuce a ſoul to ſee one ſtays,
When acts great IL FAMOSO.

He'd almoſt make a dumb man ſwear;
A lame man kick; a blind man ſtare;
And ſings ſo ſoft, that deaf men hear—
Great Doctor IL FAMOSO!

Wig ſplic'd to pompous wig, in vain,
Shall henceforth deck Whit's pericrane;
Square toes, pink hoſe, no longer reign:
What's Caius* to FAMOSO?

* Dr. Caius, in the Merry Wives of Windſor; performed by Mr. Whitefield

Gadzooks! good folks, 'twixt me and you,
What doctor more than this could do?
For Chaplain, and Phyſician too,
Is wonderful Famoso *.

* A character in the Carnival of Venice; performed by Mr. Chaplain.

HASTY PUDDING;

A THEATRICAL CONTEST.

The Hint taken from a late MORNING HERALD.

THE ſpoons compar'd, tarpaulin laid,
The pudding boil'd, and prize diſplay'd,
At trumpet's blaſt, and beat of drum,
The Candidates collected come.
From garrets, and from underground,
From rotten reps and ſtinge found;
The glorious end of each the ſame,
—Apparel, wholeſome food, and fame.
Heav'ns! what a ſight, to ſee them haſting,
By purge prepar'd, and fortnight's faſting,
Whilſt, from their cheeks, and reeking chops,
Like rain the ſweat and water drops!
All hope, one lucky hour, to gain
What moſt have ſought whole years in vain.

H-ler-ſt

H-lcr-ft, a wight of high renown,
A truer trencher-man unknown,
Like horſes of ſuperior rate,
Diſqualified to ſtart for plate,
Is Umpire choſe, and takes the chair,
To ſee that all proceeds quite fair;
But, ere the ſeat receives his breech,
Bows low, looks round, and makes a ſpeech.

The weight was great they laid upon him,
But likewiſe great the honour done him;
Fear'd much his talents were miſtaken;
Had long, he knew, been fam'd for bacon;
Could nicely bolt both lean and fat,
And ever bore away the hat:
But HASTY PUDDING, he muſt own,
Slipt not, when hot, ſo glibly down:
Had ſometimes woh, 'twas true; but then
Not oft, and always done with pain;
Mere unforeſeen effect of chance;
The people much his ſkill enhance.

An

An Umpire ſhould with care be choſe;
Some man whoſe merit each man knows;
Oft tried, as oft have ſtood the teſt:
For him,—he'd eat amongſt the reſt.
Here all, with one according voice,
Alarm'd, confirm their former choice;
All ſaw the gentleman's intent,
And what his condeſcenſion meant.
With well-feign'd ſmiles, again he bow'd;
Then read the donor's rules aloud;
Explain'd with ſhrewd remarks each clauſe,
And nicely tim'd each hem and pauſe;
The conſequence of cheating ſtated;
DUPLICITY was what he hated;
And very well, he ſaid, he might,
For little good, or none, came by't:
Gave each his ſpoon, and due repaſt;
Knock'd once, twice, thrice,---then damn'd the laſt.
Say, Muſe, who wins the doubtful fight;
Which ſhop receives the pawn at night;

What mouths are ſtead; what bellies burſt;
Who pockets moſt, and who ſ—ts firſt;
On whom diſtinguiſh'd honours fall;
Who ſwallows plate, meat, ſpoon, and all.
L-w-s can only ſquint and grin:
Pack—wave his hands, and cock his chin
(Slow, graceful, debonair, and light,
Moves ever one from left to right;
Fix'd on his hip, akimbo, t'other
Reſts ready to relieve its brother;
Whilſt chin above, ſo ſly, ſticks out
To watch what friend below's about).
Ch-pl--n, eke crony Ph-ll-m-re,
But drink, ſwear, play the fool, and roar.
B-th—ſtrut: poor H-rſt is much too dull:
And Wr--ght-n's mouth before was full.
Say, did Italia bear the bell?
Did Grim ſucceed? or dancing Dell?
Heroes of fine expanſive jaw,
Vaſt appetites, and ſpacious maw.

P-rſ-ns,

P-rſ-ns, indeed, has mouth in plenty
To carry off, with triumph, twenty;
But wit and humour vent ſo faſt,
I doubt the pudding never paſs'd.
D-b-ll-my can work his wriſt;
Seems keen; looks arch; perhaps can twiſt:
And bandy-legs,—what—what's his name?
A-k-n, methinks, bids fair for fame:
No flirting fop, not he, nor beau;
No finical, fine thing for ſhow,
Who ſteals with ſoft, ſeducive arts,
All elegance, the ladies hearts;
But ſolid, ſober, grave, and ſteady,
For pudding as for bus'neſs ready;
Would ſcorn, whilſt others work, to prate;
Can kick, can cuff,---if not too late:
If A-k-n waddled there before
The final knock, few promiſe more.
Here muſt I ſtop—ſpeak, Muſe,—or on?
Huzza!— 'twas he—'twas A-k-n won!

TOM TOSS-POT.

Incloſed in a Letter to a Friend.

A Certain odd impulſe—but whence it aroſe,
Or to what it can tend, Jack, the Lord above knows—
Compels me, whilſt thus like a truant I roam,
When you, much more wiſe, ſtay contented at home,
To ſend you theſe tokens—a poem and letter—
The firſt fill'd with trifles, the laſt little better.
But all things are trifles, Philoſophers ſay;
At leaſt it ſeems certain I trifle to-day:
And I greatly ſuſpect, though I ſpeak it with ſorrow,
As I trifle to day, I ſhall trifle to morrow:
For unleſs, by that ſecret, omnipotent art,
Which none but Old Nick and his imps can impart,
My head could be fraught with good ſenſe like your own,
From trifle to trifle I ſtill muſt go on.

And

And talking of trifles,—laſt Sunday, dead drunk,
Tom Toſſ-Pot was caught at a ſtew, with his punk;
Full five pounds of ſirloin (Tom owns to but four;
The bawd and the brimſtone both ſwear it was more)
He toſs'd down at meal (but no trifle, Sir, that),
With beer, punch, wine, drams, and the deuce can tell what.
At length, when the fumes from beneath reach'd his brain,
Souſe he ſunk from the ſeat, and in ſleep gorg'd again,
Till Nature, to riſque of extinction oppreſs'd,
With a triple diſcharge interrupted his reſt;
Then awoke, a vile compound of ſp-w, t-rd, and p-ſs,
A poſſet to view; (but a trifle all this;)
And Moll, in a trice, ere he roſe from the floor,
Firſt clean'd, and then cl-pp'd, her gallant paramour.

THE MISTAKE.

ON THE SAME.

MINERVA, for wit and for valour together
Renown'd, fell in love with poor Tom, without either.
Long, in vain, all Olympus endeavour'd to find
Out the cauſe of a flame ſo prepoſt'rous and blind.
At length it appear'd the true ſtate of the caſe,
That the Goddeſs beheld nothing elſe but his face,
As he lay faſt aſleep, and in liquor, one night;
Which ſhe, by miſtake, thought her Owl at firſt ſight.

ON THE SAME.

BOTH Gods and Goddeſſes of old,
Deſcending from above,
Have oft, as 'tis in ſtory told,
Deſpiſing hunger, rain, and cold,
O'er earth, diſguis'd, like mortals ſtroll'd,
To gratify their love.

But

But ſtill, I own, 'tis hard to gueſs
Why Tom's beloved by Pallas:
His valour's little, wiſdom leſs;
But that ſhe doats to great exceſs,
All letters by the laſt expreſs,
Sent from Olympus, tell us.

In plaintive ſtrains the martial fair
Bemoans the ſecret ſmart:
O Mortal! cauſe of all my care,
Bleſs'd with my Bird's enchanting air,
Fine features, voice, and awful ſtare,
Thy charms have pierc'd mine heart!

PEEPING TOM.

CEASE,—ceaſe,—in mercy, ceaſe, ſweet laſs,
No more diſtort that beauteous face:
Why muſt the gentle Cloe, ſh-ting,
Look gruff, and grin, like Hero fighting?
Why,—though the warlike cannon louder
Than thunder ſound, and ſmell of powder—
Why muſt my love offend the noſe,
Flaſh at the breech, and roar like thoſe?

FINIS.